

LIVESEY'S MORAL REFORMER

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ONE PENNY.

AN ADDRESS TO WORKING MEN.

DEAR FRIENDS.—The weather is now becoming fine; the winter is nearly over, and we are entering upon the interesting season of spring. Seldom have you experienced so hard a winter, as the one which is past. Owing to the severe frost, outdoor work in particular, has been almost at a stand; but having with much difficulty encountered the storm, and having now brighter prospects before you, I venture, as a friend, to offer you a few words of advice.

From correct information I can affirm, that by foresight and prudence much of this suffering endured by many of your class might have been prevented. During the last summer, when you were earning from 20s. to 30s. per week, you ought to have kept out of debt, replenished your clothing and bedding, and been able to reserve something against winter, when work is usually scarce. Like the bees, remembering that winter was sure to come, you should have laid by a stock in reserve. However, I am not anxious to dwell more than necessary upon that which is past; but would rather beg your candid attention to a little advice, in reference to the future.

Begin this season with a determination to avoid past errors, and to do your duty both to yourselves and families. Instead of dragging out a miserable existence, punishing your wives and children, and disappointing those who depend upon you, try this year, by uniting prudence and sobriety to industry, to diffuse that happiness through every part of your family, which good conduct and steady habits are sure to produce. Unite cordially with your wives in endeavouring to manage your household concerns, and turn every halfpenny of your wages to the best account. Cultivate self-respect, and while you see others do well, whose wages are no more than your own, in the spirit of honest emulation, instead of grovelling in obscurity, be determined to be equal to any of your neighbours.

To effect any good change it is essential that you abandon the habit of frequenting public houses, and drinking intoxicating liquor. Whatever other changes you make, be your wages *ever so large*, while you lose your time at these places in agitating about political reform, or trades' unions, neglecting at the same time *self-reform*, you are sure to be disappointed. "Ah" says a bricklayer, "if I had all the money I spent with the landlords last summer, I should not now be starving in the house, or seeking a ticket for charity."

Do not join in dangerous combinations against the *freedom of industry*. But as much ignorance exists upon this subject, frequently leading well meaning workmen into error, I will claim your indulgence while I enter into this subject at some length. Trade should be *left perfectly free*, for all monopolies in the long run tend to its ruin. Demand and supply, if not interfered with will regulate the labour market as it does all other markets, upon the most equitable principles. When the demand exceeds the supply wages will rise, when it comes short they will necessarily fall. Fictitious prices, either below or above the real value may be created, and for some time maintained, by chartered companies, legal interference, or combinations, all tending to embarrass if not to

annihilate trade, and at any rate to do a positive injustice to the public. Let wages be bolstered up, so that capital will yield no profit, or let its safe investment be endangered by combinations, and its removal is certain; and although you have often been taught to look upon capital and labour as *antagonists*, the very reverse is the fact: joined together they are favourable to each other's welfare, but separation is fatal to both. Without capital to provide machinery for the labourer and to support him till his work is disposed of, what could he do? and without labour the greatest extent of capital would be inoperative and could yield no profit. Like food and the stomach they are made for each other. *Peace and freedom* are the guardians of capital, and consequently of employment and wages.

These remarks are worthy the attention, and intended to apply both to yourselves and your employers. It is equally an act of injustice and oppression, for masters to combine against men, as for men against their masters. Every man has the same right to sell his labour at the highest price, as the master has to dispose of his goods at the best market. But while you may refuse to part with your labour on terms which you disapprove, you have clearly no right to forbid any other individual disposing of his labour as he may think proper. The labour market ought to be as open as any other; and the farmers who attend Preston market might as well say, for the purpose of keeping up their own prices, "we will allow no strangers to bring their samples in here," as any set of men attempt to prevent others, who want employment, accepting it on such terms as they may choose. Every attempt, therefore, to contend for wages, ought to be made upon the acknowledgment of this principle, and keeping this in view, it will always be your policy to calculate, in all disputes with your masters, its probable bearing upon your own interests.

As I may pursue this subject further in a future paper, I will now draw your attention to the means of *increasing employment*, which is the *only* sure method of *keeping up wages* and preventing injurious competition among workmen; and I feel astonished that this, by far the most important question, should have received so little attention. The quantity of employment depends upon the amount of capital in the country, the nature of its investment, and the spirit of enterprise with which its owners are actuated; and if we come to examine the subject closely, we shall find that legislative interference, can do little beyond securing *freedom of exchange*, and preserving the tranquillity of the country, both of which are favourable to the investment of capital, and consequently to an increased amount of employment. With our present resources, as we advance in *moral* there will be an *increase of employment*. If the united capital of all the artizans in England, or, in other words, the wages of the working men, had been divided among the shoemakers, tailors, hatters, joiners, cabinet makers, upholsterers, &c., &c., and through them among every branch of useful industry, instead of being placed in the landlord's hands as an instrument for evil, what an immense change would have been produced! If every ragged mechanic had two suits of clothes; every empty house were well furnished, and the bed rooms supplied with beds, the increase to the trade of this country would have been beyond con-

ception, in favour of all classes of useful artizans. Home consumption is most to be depended upon; and if the working men studied their own interest, they would purchase those articles which their fellow-labourers produce. And as to others spending the money which they receive from you for liquor, I maintain, on the one hand, that they spend no more now with the public than they would do if their time and capital were employed in some honourable trade; while, on the other hand, they are now furnished with the means of destroying the produce of the earth, paralysing man's intellect, destroying his ingenuity, and loosing all the moral and social ties of society. I am confident if the working men were sober and virtuous, they might themselves produce an immense increase to the demand for labour.

But it is also on the morality and correct habits of the middle and higher classes that the contraction and extention of employment depends, for they are the principal owners of capital. If those who have made their fortunes, or are deriving their incomes from the country, would consider the condition of the people, they would remain at home, and spend their wealth by employing the people. Every man who takes up his residence abroad, whether from extravagance or a love of pleasure, still deriving from this country his supplies, virtually takes away the bread of the poor. It is stated that there are seven thousand residences within twelve miles of London, consisting of mansions with parks, pleasure grounds, &c., whose owners are spending millions among foreigners.—Let these and all the nobility and gentry, amounting to an immense number, settle in the country whence they draw their incomes, and the demand upon the labour market would be immense. Instead of thus drawing around them a great number of workmen, many people are impoverished for want of employment, by their deserting the country, and must either flee into the towns for a chance of work, or fall into the merciless hands of the overseer. I think it is worthy of enquiry, how far this cause has operated in producing the excessive pauperism of the south. And what is even worse, while poor men are deprived of employment, and their wages consequently reduced by this system of *absenteeism*, their provisions are enhanced in price by a restriction on the importation of corn principally for the benefit of this same class. It is certainly a double cruelty upon the workmen of this country, both to *tax their bread* and lessen the amount of employment, with the wages of which they have to pay this tax.

It may also be mentioned, that low wages necessarily throw more labour into the market, and consequently produce a still greater depreciation. The quantity of work performed is very much regulated by the relation which wages bear to the necessities of life. Men must *live*,—and rather than starve, they will work sixteen hours a day, which excessive labour has a tendency to throw others out of work; but let employment be plentiful, wages will advance, the hours of labour will become contracted, and consequently a glut in the market sooner relieved.

I contend therefore that those who remain at home, and sink their capital in factories and public works, though they do nothing more than their duty, are not deserving of the calumny which is often heaped upon them; for supposing *they* were to leave the country, as a vast number of the aristocracy and landed gentlemen do, where could employment be found for our rapidly increasing population? When you bear in mind the immense wealth which is carried away and spent abroad, I am quite sure you will think more favourably than you have been wont to do, of those who remain at home and employ their capital, and their skill, and their incessant attention, in furnishing the means of employment for the people. Do we pity to see so many exhibiting so much vice and wretchedness and want, in connection with our factory system? We should endeavour to ascertain the real cause. These people flock from the country to the factories because their proper guardians have forsaken them, and left them to fend for themselves. You might as well blame the Mendicity Institution, at Dublin, for producing the wretchedness of the people who come daily for relief, as the factories for producing all the poverty which we are compelled to

witness. It is not the *factory*, but the *causes which are in operation to drive the people to the factory*, upon which the blame ought to be cast. It is possible to charge our best friends with producing our calamities, whilst the unobserved conduct of others, and even our own, may be the real cause.

Politics, in my opinions, have much less to do with the prosperity of the working class, than most of you seem to think. A great number of what are called national questions, have been settled during the last dozen years, but where are the benefits conferred upon the working class? Supposing there was a change in the ministry to morrow, how would that add to the stock of employment? No; your greatest source of relief is, *an increase of employment*; added to a reduction in the price of the first necessities of life. The former may be brought about by the working people appropriating the wages of drunkenness to the purchase of their own industry, and by the rich absentees being induced to spend their wealth among the people who produce it. To me, therefore, it is self-evident that a high tone of morals in all classes, a deeper conviction of our duty to our countrymen, which I maintain to be incompatible with *absenteeism*, or with *home combinations*, are what we ought to look to as the likeliest means of increasing employment, and consequently preventing a reduction in wages.

I conclude with observing, *let industry be free*; let no man encroach upon the liberty of his fellow-workman, by interfering with his right to enter into any employment he pleases, and at such wages as he may think proper to accept. And instead of keeping up the value of labour, by unions and combinations, or instead of foolishly expecting government to fix a rate of wages, let us, by all the means in our power, endeavour to increase the supply of employment, so that every labourer may obtain an equitable and a remunerating price for his work. Instead of petitioning parliament to fix a minimum of wages, which, were it attempted, would certainly be evaded, I would prefer petitioning all the *English and Irish absentees to come home*, and, engaging the capital, enterprise, and sobriety of the country, to find work for every unemployed man in the kingdom.

The home investment and expenditure of British wealth; the dissolution of all trades' combinations; and the universal spread of temperance, involve in them some of the greatest measures for promoting the prosperity and happiness of the working classes.

Hoping that these plain, and I may add, faithful remarks will be received in the same spirit of kindness in which they are given, I remain your sincere friend,

J. LIVESEY.

MY SISTER'S STORY.

"Is there not something very wonderful and shocking," asked my friend, with unusual earnestness, "in your sister's story?"

"The extent of the wonder," said I, "depends upon the manner in which the matter is related,—although at any rate there is, certainly, something very strange, and afflictive too, connected with the affair, still I suspect, by the tone in which your inquiry is uttered, that some wrong impression must have been made on your mind respecting it."

"Why, truly," observed he, "I must freely own that I have been not a little affected and astounded by the statements respecting her, which have been made to me; and, of course, not the less so, because I am seriously mixed up with the occurrences, if all I have heard be true."

The look and gesture which accompanied these words, at once excited my curiosity, to learn what representations of this portion of my family concerns, had been laid in the view of a friend, in whose welfare I had for years taken a more than ordinary interest, and also awakened within my breast a desire of no common force, to endeavour to accomplish the task of turning evil to good, and extracting instruction even from folly more efficiently than we mortals are in the habit of doing. I, therefore, met his question by asking what the account given to him really was, and from whom he had derived it; ascertaining, as a reason for this, that it is best always to ascertain who are our informants, lest we make

ourselves wretched on the testimony of a person, or the mere thoughtless tattle of individuals, whose word ought not to be taken on a matter of any moment, unless corroborated by the evidence of others, on whose veracity reliance can with safety be placed.

"Why, that is, alas! too true," said my friend—"we are, probably, very often making ourselves most unhappy about that of which we know least, and allowing numerous gossips, and ill-founded or false reports, to distress us more than is consistent with reason and sound morality. I will, therefore, indulge the hope that the dreadful story which has been told me, is wholly false."

On requesting him to relate what he had heard respecting my sister, Mr. Lane (so was my friend named,) said, that he had been assured that she had destroyed her own infant, attempted the life of her husband, and, in fits of raving madness, solemnly called heaven to witness that William Lane was the sole cause of all her desperate deeds. Had I not previously learnt to treat the generality of such flying marvels with a sort of contemptuous disregard, as the frothy offspring of the sea of human fancy, and the earthly monster envy, I should have experienced an increase of the real suffering, which the recollection of my poor sister's sad misfortunes always threw around my heart. But, having now no very great concern about the tales of scandal in constant circulation, either within the smaller enclosures of a neighbourhood, village, or town, or over the broader space occupied by a weekly or daily newspaper, for the columns of which gross untruths, vile libels, demon-like abuse, and demoralizing stories, are regularly manufactured by set rules for a penny a line, or a handsome annual salary, I could not but feel exceedingly anxious to give that liberty, which in these things I enjoyed, to an old and valued friend. "You have been misinformed," said I, "your mind has been disturbed, your feelings lacerated, and your self-respect and conscious integrity, insulted and offended by the foulest falsehoods."

"And is the dear creature, whom I once so greatly admired," vociferated Mr. Lane, in a sort of frenzy, "neither a murderer nor a lunatic?"

"Neither," was my reply,—and this single word seemed to be so potent, as almost to plunge him into insanity. As soon as the extreme excitement had somewhat subsided, I begged my friend to chastise his feelings, and summon up all his fortitude and reason, while I put him in possession of the melancholy facts, out of which the horrid fiction that so affected him, had been framed.

The case was simply this:—Mr. Lane had formerly paid honourable attentions to my dear sister, with the approbation of all our family, and without any objection from Anne, although she was a little haughty, and was fully aware that most persons who knew her, allowed that she was a beauty.

In the first winter, after this intimacy grew up, my sister devoted a considerable portion of her spare time to the reading of works of fiction, against which, not only Mr. Lane, but myself, and other branches of the family, often protested; not because we were opposed to novel-reading on its own account, especially the best productions of modern days, but because we had reason to believe that she devoured so many works of this description, for a purpose, the very reverse of that which may be termed rational amusement. We inferred this from the facts, that she became sullen, peevish, and fretful,—shunning our society, and evincing little relish for that of Mr. Lane. To be disturbed at her reading was her greatest aversion, and the severest torment. In a little time, she actually refused to see her suitor; and in spite of all importunities, persisted in breaking off the connexion. Soon after this, a company of strolling actors came to our country town, and the novelty acted like magnetism on the feverish feelings of the self-deluded maiden. She attended every night—she became intimate with the players, one of whom, a young man of some talent and prepossessing appearance and address, but void of all moral principle, paid marked attention to this pet and plague of our family. In two months the company left us, and at the same time my sister disappeared. On my following the players to another town, the only information I could obtain was,

that they should not be able to begin to perform for ten days; and my sister and Mr. Lightly were gone off on their marriage jaunt to London. I was nearly distracted; and on my return with these tidings, our whole family became the pitiable subjects of the same disease; and my poor mother was, perhaps, a far greater sufferer than all of us put together. In about a month we received the first intelligence of her, which, after all our anxious inquiries, we had been able to obtain, in a letter from herself.—Of her marriage and journey she gave a most imposing account—spoke of her husband's talents, knowledge, and disposition, in the most enthusiastic terms. She then proceeded to inform us, that her husband was the eldest son of the Earl of Tone, and that his travelling with the players was a mere freak, which he did not—now he was married—intend to repeat. In closing, she told her mother that she was, in a few weeks, coming to pay us a month's visit, as the marriage must, for a time, be kept as a secret from her father-in-law, the Earl.

Accordingly, in about three months, she came home. My parents were full of suspicions, notwithstanding the confident assurances of their daughter, that she was soon to be acknowledged as the apparent future Countess of Tone. Nor did the triumphant manner in which she hourly referred her great good fortune to the spirit of adventure, which her former novel-reading had created, in the least convince us that she had not been miserably deceived, and that she had not utterly ruined herself. For a month this state of things remained unchanged;—but this brought the period when she was to have been fetched away by the young nobleman, under the assumed name of Lightly. He did not, however, appear. She wrote, but there was no reply. In great agitation she set off in quest of her husband. Another month brought us intelligence, that no means employed for the discovery of the lost one, had succeeded,—although she had learnt that there was no Earl of Tone, and that Mr. Lightly was a swindler and a robber; and she had to tell us, that there she was, in London, without a penny, most of her clothes sold, and she advanced far in pregnancy. My mother instantly set out for London, to bring home this victim of vanity and self-delusion; but on her arrival in the metropolis, she found her daughter just made the mother of a still-born infant, amidst the ravings of mental derangement. Her incessant talk was made up of long quotations from the novels she had read, and of addresses to the lords and ladies, the kings, queens, and courtiers, by whom she fancied herself surrounded. Her mother she styled queen dowager. She spoke of having made her father a duke, and her brothers and sisters princes and princesses; and often she burst forth in a louder tone, saying, "Mr. Lane, don't complain that I turned you off, for I have made you a lord, and you shall marry a princess."

On repeating these words, my good friend, Lane, seized me wildly by the hand, and sobbed out, "Oh, my dear Charles, if your sister had only recovered, repented of her folly, and come again to think of me, as formerly, my circumstances now would enable me to offer her a comfortable home."

Without saying a word I took his arm, and led him into a small parlour, where was only one human being, pale but placid, to whom I pointed, and said, "there, Mr. Lane, is my penitent sister." The scene I will not describe, but just add, that my sister became Mrs. Lane; and a good and noble-minded man brought back that peace to our family, which a novel-reading mania, and a dissolute dastard had for five years destroyed.

C.

AGAINST EVIL SPEAKING.

No vice has been more written against than slander, and yet slander continues to be the order of the day. Among all the evils which afflict society none seem more luxuriant than the disposition to invent and propagate evil reports. Unfortunately so little do men's minds seem occupied by moral or intellectual subjects; so little do they study to bridle that unruly member the tongue, that when two or three are met together, the faults, real or reputed, of others, are the common topic of conversation. There are few

men in society who have not suffered more or less by the prevalent disposition for tale-bearing and backbiting, and yet how seldom do we meet with persons who have consistency enough to avoid it themselves, or to reprove others who openly indulge in the same. One apostle says "speak not evil one of another brethren;" and another "speak evil of no man," and yet these injunctions might be a dead letter, for they are violated with impunity. It would be considered outrageous to seize rudely upon any individual who might enter a place of conviviality, and to abuse him; but is it not equally as bad to malign his character, expose all his infirmities, and cast the blackest shade upon his reputed faults? This is frequently done both in private parties, at public houses, and even at temperance hotels. So rife is this evil that persons respected for religion and piety, frequently join in the common slaughter of character, and seem to suppose it an act of bravery to tell all they know against an obnoxious individual. Not only do they traduce their neighbours by name, but evince the most vindictive feelings towards them; even members of the same congregation, forgetting the duty of brotherly kindness, frequently defame each other. Alas! how we forget the precepts of our religion, which direct that we cast the mantle of charity over the errors of our brethren. We cannot report the failings of others, or magnify their enormity, without knowing at the same time that we are doing them an injury, and acting the part of a traitor.

In no case can we be justified in either inventing evil reports, or exaggerating them; and even when they are *true*, we are not doing as we would be done by, in making them *public*.—If the interests of others, or that of the public, were likely to suffer, a person might be justified in stating what he knew, in order to prevent it; but that should be done without any unnecessary publicity. The line of demarcation betwixt this and gratuitously blazoning abroad the faults of others, mixed frequently with no small degree of exaggeration, is sufficiently obvious.

This conduct can have no connexion with that love which neither *thinketh* nor *speaketh* evil. It betrays not merely the indulgence of bad passions, but a want of that common discretion which is allied to the love of our own peace. It often be-speaks no small degree of envy, hatred, selfishness, not to say sheer folly, and while men take credit to themselves for manliness in "speaking out" as it is said, they are generally indulging some of the most malignant passions. How many worthy individuals there are labouring under a stigma cast upon them, first by some individual, and then by a whole town, the effect of rancorous malevolence!

If we really could put even a partial stop to this prevailing sin, we should be rendering society a great service. The best plan is for each individual, in the first place, to be determined to keep his *own tongue* from speaking evil; to impress the same obligation constantly upon his family; and in the spirit of charity to reprove every individual who indulges in the habit of speaking evil of others. Let him accustom himself to think that the same divine authority is set at defiance by the man who speaks evil of his neighbour, as by the individual who takes the name of God in vain.

FINDING FAULT.

FINDING fault is as easy as it is prevalent. From the child that can complain against its playfellow up through all the gradations and conditions of life, the habit of judging and censuring others is never wanting. A disposition for this depends partly on the temperament of the individual, and partly on the station he fills in society. Though this evil is exceedingly prevalent, yet there are persons who evince the very opposite disposition. Whatever you do for them, however they are served, all is right. I have, just now, two persons, a lady and a gentleman, in my recollection, to whom this will apply. They praise every thing. Whatever is presented to them, they are sure to pronounce "grand." Such seldom discriminate, or oppose with energy, any prevailing evil, yet they are very agreeable companions. The person who finds fault, although often unre-

sonable, and upon the whole troublesome, is more likely to be a reformer; but this disposition requires to be united to a sound judgment, and mellowed by kind feeling, to make any individual an useful character. Fault-finding, however, would answer its purpose much better, if used more sparingly. The secret of getting persons to do what we want, is to connect a feeling of *pleasure* with it, but perpetually *teasing* is the likeliest provocative to disobedience. Besides, we should be cautious not to judge according to appearances; for upon inquiry, we shall find ourselves often mistaken. If a register were kept, of all the instances of fault-finding in any given street, four cases out of five, I should say, would prove mistakes. Few persons can be *fond* of doing wrong, so far as to bring upon themselves the *displeasure* of others. They err more from *inadvertency* than *design*. The following instances, among others, may be mentioned:—

A lady called one afternoon, to see Mrs. Coward. She was up stairs—a message was sent; but the servant girl, instead of saying "two *ladies* wanted to see her," merely said "she was wanted." Deeming the matter not very urgent, her stay up stairs exceeded the lady's patience, and off she went. A dreadful report, of course, was soon spread abroad, respecting the uncivil, unhandsome, and the shameful conduct of Mrs. Coward, who would not come down stairs to see her friend. Mrs. Coward, hearing of this, had to explain how the mistake happened, and, of course, to apologise by saying, that she was exceedingly sorry that the girl had committed so egregious an error.

"Why, John, do you rub those knives so much every day, till one edge is as sharp as the other," said Mrs. Plumb to her man servant, as he was cleaning knives. "Our Will, cut his mouth with the back side of one of them, yesterday at dinner. You must be more cautious, or I shall get some other person to do the work." Though John knew the fault was not with him, he let this scolding pass without one word in reply. In a few nights after, the mistress had occasion to go into the knife-drawer, just after the servant had finished washing up, and found all the knives put by wet. The consequence was, the knives became so *rusty*, that in order to get them clean, John had actually scoured them till they would cut with the back edge; but it was the *scullery maid*, and not John, who was in the fault.

A gentleman one morning was finding fault with his bootmaker, for having spoiled his new boots,—one appearing to be much larger than the other;—at the same time he had lost one of his worsted socks. At last, after searching all through the room, he found it on the other foot. He had put both socks on one foot, and this was simply the reason why the boot pinched, so that he could not get it on, and which brought upon the innocent bootmaker, the severe castigation of this gentleman.

"Oh that man Hanson, what a villain he is; he has been getting drunk and kicking up a row," said a gentleman respecting a person whom he had relieved with a bedstead and a pair of sheets. "How do you know?" said a friend who was present. "I was told so" was his reply. "You had better go to his house and inquire for yourself. I think you are misinformed." He went, and to his satisfaction he found that the report was totally false, having arisen from the circumstance of the man's cousin, called by the same name and residing in the same lobby, having been drunk and disorderly.

These instances, and others which constantly occur, shew, that through ignorance of various circumstances we often find fault with persons who are innocent. It is not less difficult in many cases, to trace the really blamable person, than it is to find fault in a manner calculated to produce an useful impression.

I DON'T LIKE THE SMELL FROM

A **BED-ROOM** where the windows have never been open for days and weeks together—dirty straw which has laid some time in a damp cellar—a sink ditch a short time before rain—a candle-wick left to smoke after the flame has been extinguished—the atmosphere laden with soot and smoke, proceeding from a chimney on fire—new clothes made from fustian—swelling lime on the public road side—a piece of woollen rag burning

among the ashes—a cart taking away dung from the privies during the day time—a chamber where a sick person has been for some time confined—a chandler's work shop—tobacco smoke blown in the public street through a piece of pipe-clay, or from the dandy's cigar—wiskets filled with fish upon a coach—the steam from a kettle or pan after having boiled over into the fire—a joint of roasted mutton kept till tainted—a run of water from a tanner's establishment—the dead carcasses of dogs and other animals thrown into pools of stagnant water—the effluvia from a person who perspires freely, but seldom washes—a person's bad breath arising from a foul stomach—a drunkard's breath in a morning after a *fuddle*—a corner where a number of mice have taken up their lodgings—a cart laden with gas tar—an escape of gas from leaky pipes—a traveller's breath after his wine—a corpse kept too long in hot weather—a *brew house*, the steam of which points to the workhouse, the prison, and the church yard.

PRINCIPLES OF PHRENOLOGY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

The second phrenological principle is, that the brain is not a single organ through which all the faculties of the mind are equally manifested, but that it is composed of a number of organs, each of which serves as the medium for manifestation of a particular mental faculty. Various mental phenomena are explicable only on this supposition. Thus, children are possessed of the power of observing before they are capable of reflecting; a fact which cannot be explained on the supposition that the brain is a single organ of the mind through which all the mental faculties are equally manifested; but if we suppose the brain to consist of a number of organs, we can have no difficulty in conceiving that the organs which give children the power of observation may be developed, and, consequently, be active sooner than the organs which give the power of reflection. Cases of partial insanity are in accordance with the second principle of phrenology. A person will be insane upon a particular point, for instance, he will imagine himself to be a king, an emperor, Jesus Christ, or even the Almighty himself, whilst, upon every other subject, he will manifest soundness of mind. But if the brain were a single organ of the mind, and this single organ were diseased so as to produce disordered manifestation of one mental faculty, then would it produce equally disordered manifestation of every other mental faculty; and consequently, there could be no such cases as those of partial insanity, which is contrary to the fact just stated. But if we suppose the brain to be composed of a number of organs, partial insanity is easily explained. Extraordinary mental gifts are, in general, partial. Thus, Lord Byron was a splendid poet but no metaphysician; whilst Locke was a profound metaphysician but no poet. But if the brain were a single organ of the mind, and this single organ were in the most favourable condition for the energetic manifestation of some specific mental faculty, then would it be in an equally favourable condition for the energetic manifestation of any other mental faculty, which is notoriously contrary to the fact. But if the brain be composed of a number of organs, it is clear, that those organs, a large development of which are requisite to make the poet, may be small, whilst those which enter into the intellectual constitution of the metaphysician may be large, and the reverse. In dreaming, also, some faculties of the mind are active or awake, whilst others are in a state of inactivity or sleep. For instance, a person dreams that he is passing through a field, when suddenly he perceives that a bull is approaching him; he makes the most strenuous endeavours to escape but cannot succeed; his heart begins quickly to beat, a cold sweat bedews his forehead, and he seizes his limbs, whilst the bull rushes furiously towards him, and just as he is about to be gored, in the extremity of his terror and anguish, he awakes. Now, in such a dream as this, the faculties of the mind which form the image of the bull, and the him in the attributes of ferocity, are awake; whilst others which would rectify these false notions, are asleep; but as soon as these, through the fright which has been experienced, are roused in their inactivity, or in other words, as soon as the whole of the faculties of the mind are awake, the delusion is dissipated and reason re-occupies her throne. Now, these facts cannot be explained on the supposition that the brain is a single organ of the mind, but we shall experience little difficulty if we suppose the

brain to consist of a number of organs; for it is clear, that if this be the case, some organs may be asleep whilst others are awake, and thus, the phenomena of dreaming receive a ready explication. As, therefore, all mental phenomena are capable of receiving a satisfactory explanation on the supposition that the brain is composed of a number of organs, we cannot, having admitted the brain to be the organ of the mind, philosophically refuse our assent to this second principle of phrenology.

The third fundamental principle of phrenology is, that the size of an organ, other circumstances being the same, is the measure of the power of that organ. Observation would lead us to believe, that it is a general principle in nature that power, other things being equal, is in proportion to magnitude. We admit this at once, when we compare the brawny muscular arm of the smith with the delicate muscular arm of the female. In such a case we instinctively admit that great power is associated with great magnitude; and the same rule is found to apply, in respect to the development of the different organs of which the brain is composed. We should, however, bear in mind, that it is not the phrenological position, that great intellectual power is necessarily associated with a large brain. In point of fact, a person may have a large brain, and yet, even when educated and of an active temperament, he may not display any particular intellectual power. If there be a considerable development of the organs of the animal propensities, the person thus constituted will have a good sized brain; but the organs of the intellectual powers might, in such a case, be small, and of course there could be no particular manifestation of intellectual energy. If the brain be of a good size, and if this size depend upon a favourable development of the moral and intellectual organs, then the individual thus organized, will be an exemplification of the position, that the power of an organ, other circumstances being the same, is in proportion to its size. This rule, of course, is equally perceived in a person who has a strong development of the organs of the animal propensities; but these observations are made, chiefly with the view of guarding against a prevailing impression in reference to phrenology teaching, that a person with a large brain must be possessed of strong intellectual power. Some one has related an anecdote, which affirms that Spurzheim was requested to examine the cases of some well-known characters, that he came to one cast, measured it, and declared the measurements to indicate, that the person from whom the cast was taken, was a man of great talent, which was the fact. He then measured another, upon which it is stated he was in perfect raptures, and declared, that the possessor of such a head must have been a man of mighty genius;—on the contrary, he was a notorious blockhead. Spurzheim has said that this was an invention; and it is clear that this must have been the case,—because it is not a principle of phrenology, that absolute size of the brain determines the *intellectual power*; and, consequently, no phrenologist would pretend to speak positively as to the intellect of any individual, from having merely ascertained the length, breadth, and depth of the brain.

The fourth principle of phrenology is that in a healthy person, the shape of the skull externally, corresponds with the configuration of the brain. Some persons have asserted that this principle is not solidly founded, because the two tables of the skull are not uniformly parallel; but the assertion merely proves the physiological ignorance of the objection. Every physiologist is aware, that the hard or osseous parts of the body receive their shape from the action and development of the softer portions. An illustration of this position may be found in the fact, that when one of the large arteries near the heart becomes affected with a particular disease, and, in the progress of the affection, increases in size, the bones bound the cavity of the chest, will gradually become thinner, which and the absorption of considerable portions of them will be the ultimate result. The influence which the soft parts possess over the more solid constituents of the body is, therefore, apparent. The same holds good with respect to the brain.—As this organ increases in size the skull-cap increases in the same proportion; and when the brain shrinks, and its bulk diminishes, as in old people, its osseous covering diminishes in a corresponding ratio. In a healthy person, therefore, we can have little difficulty in discovering the conformation and development of the brain, from the appearance which the skull-cap externally presents.

W.

VARIETIES.

DR. FRANKLIN'S FATHER—HIS HABIT AT TABLE.—He was fond of having at his table, as often as possible, some friends or well informed neighbours, capable of rational conversation, and he was always careful to introduce useful or ingenious topics of discourse, which might tend to inform the minds of his children. By this means he early attracted our attention to what was just, prudent, and beneficial in the conduct of life. He never talked of the meats which appeared upon the table, never discussed whether they were well or ill-dressed, of a good or bad flavour, high seasoned, or otherwise, preferable or inferior to this or that dish of a similar kind. Thus accustomed, from my infancy, to the utmost inattention as to these objects, I have been perfectly regardless of what kind of food was before me; and I pay so little attention to it even now, that it would be a hard matter for me to recollect, a few hours after I had dined, of what my dinner had consisted. When travelling I have particularly experienced the advantage of this habit; for it has often happened to me to be in company with persons, who, having a more delicate, because a more exercised taste, have suffered in many cases considerable inconvenience; while, as to myself, I have had nothing to desire.—*Franklin.*

STOOP! STOOP!—Dr. Franklin, writing to Dr. Mather, of Boston, observes—“The last time I saw your father was the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania. He received me in his library; and, on my taking leave, showed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily, ‘Stoop! stoop!’ I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed any occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me; ‘You are young, and have the world before you: stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.’ This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it, when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high.”

FRESH AIR IN BED-ROOMS.—Another means of preserving health, is the having a constant supply of fresh air in your bed-chamber. It has been a great mistake, the sleeping in rooms exactly closed, and in beds surrounded by curtains. No outward air, that may come into you, is so unwholesome as the unchanged air, often breathed, of a close chamber. As boiling water does not grow hotter by longer boiling, if the particles that receive greater heat can escape; so living bodies do not putrefy, if the particles, as fast as they become putrid, can be thrown off. Nature expels them by the pores of the skin and lungs, and in a free open air, they are carried off; but, in a close room, we receive them again and again, though they become more and more corrupt. A number of persons crowded into a small room, thus spoil the air in a few minutes, and even render it mortal, as in the Black Hole at Calcutta. A single person is said only to spoil a gallon of air per minute, and therefore requires a longer time to spoil a chamber; but it is done, however, in proportion, and many putrid disorders have hence their origin.—*Franklin.*

THE PAIRING OF HUMMING BIRDS.—How the male swells his plumage and throat, and, dancing on the wing, whirls around the delicate female; how quickly he dives towards a flower, and returns with a loaded bill, which he offers to her to whom alone he feels desirous of being united; how full of ecstasy he seems to be when his caresses are kindly received: how his little wings fan her, as they fan the flowers, and he transfers to her bill the insect and the honey which he has procured with a view to please her; how these attentions are received with apparent satisfaction; how, soon after the blissful compact is sealed; how, then, the courage and care of the male are redoubled; how he even dares to give chase to the tyrant fly-catcher, hurries the blue-bird and the martin to their boxes; and how, on sounding pinions, he joyously returns to the side of his lovely mate. All these proofs of the sincerity, fidelity, and courage, with which the male assures his mate of the care he will take of her while sitting on her nest, may be seen, and have been seen, but cannot be pourtrayed or described.

THE REWARD OF LITERARY PROFLIGACY.—A public man in New England gave me the history of an editor of a newspaper, who began his professional course by making an avowed distinction between telling lies in conversation and in a newspaper, where every body looks for them. Of course he has sunk deeper and deeper in falsehood; but retribution has not yet overtaken him. My informant told me, that this editor has made some thousands of dollars by his abuse of one man; and, jocosely proposed, that persons who are systematically railled at by any newspaper, should lay claim to a proportion of the profits arising out of the use of their names and characters.—*Miss Martineau.*

NATURE FURNISHES THE MEANS FOR LABOUR.—Although labour is the great architect of our enjoyments and conveniences in diet, dress, and habitation, it is not a creator of them; like a skilful chemist or artist, it only separates, fashions, and combines, and does not add a particle to the matter of the world previously existing. Nature is the great capitalist, that, from the beginning of time, has furnished the raw material on which industry has been exercised.—*Wade's Middle and Working Class.*

THE VALUE OF LABOUR.—So omnipotent is labour, that it is considered by political economists, to be the only source of wealth, or of those riches which, apart from the spontaneous and unappropriated products of the earth, alone possess value in exchange. Nature has been lavish in her bounties, but man alone has given them exchangeable value. What I cannot appropriate, and of which every one has enough to satisfy his wants, may be extremely useful, but has no value—will fetch no price. The sunbeams that warm us, the air that supports life, and the water that slakes thirst, are all abundantly useful; but, as they are the produce of no man's labour, and no man can appropriate them to himself, they are of no value in the market. “Labour was the first price, the original purchase-money that was paid for all things. When all things lay in common, alike the gift of nature to all men, who would have the best right to say, *This is mine?* The man who first set his mark upon it by his industry, and thereby gave it a value that could not be severed from it. It was thus, that labour originated appropriation, and appropriation exchangeable value.—*Ibid.*

PRODUCERS AND NON-PRODUCERS.—A great deal of misapprehension on the relative claims of different classes has arisen from Adam Smith's inapt classification of society into productive and unproductive consumers. The labours of the former, as of an operative or husbandman, he considered to be realized in some vendible commodity of agriculture or manufactures; while the labours of the latter, as of men of science and of professions, left no visible type of previous exertion. Such distinction is without any just foundation. The inventors of the power-loom and spinning-frame were unquestionably great productive labourers, though they had never actually produced a yard of calico in their lives. Many who are not productively employed themselves, are the cause of production in others. A physician, whose exertions in preserving health enable others to produce more than they would do without his assistance, is, indirectly at least, a productive labourer. Legislators, magistrates, judges, and peace-officers, are the same. They are, it is true, not directly employed in producing commodities, but they enable others to do so more effectually by framing laws for the convenience of the community, by adjudicating the disputes of individuals, by preserving the peace, and by protecting persons and property from violence and depredation. Those employed in mere arts of luxury and amusement, are indirectly productive labourers. A jeweller employed in chasing a ring for the finger, or silver shoe-buckle, may be cause of increased industry in the manufacturer and agriculturist by the desire he excites in them to possess these articles. “A watch,” Dr. Paley observes, “may be a very unnecessary appendage to the dress of a peasant; yet, if the peasant will go to the ground to obtain a watch, the true design of commerce is answered; and the watchmaker, while he polishes the case, and files the wheels of his ingenious machine, is contributing to the production of corn as effectually, though not so directly, as if he handled the plough or the spade. The use of tobacco is acknowledged superfluous; but if the fisherman will ply his net, and the mariner fetch rice from foreign countries, in order to procure to himself the indulgence, the market is supplied with two important articles of provision by the instrumentality of merchandise which has no other apparent use than the gratification of a vitiated palate.”—*Wade.*

ADVANTAGES OF CONCESSION.—In great matters of public moment, where both parties are at a stand, and both are unwilling to yield, slight concessions cost little, but are worth much. He who yields them is wise, inasmuch as he purchases guineas with things. A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work when a tun of vinegar would only corrode the wheels, and cause the movements.

WHAT A PRACTISE!—At Hobart town, Van Dieman's Land, where a gentleman of the highest respectability, now among the dead, spent two months, every ninth house is licensed to sell rum and spirit. At Sidney, Botany Bay, with 60,000 inhabitants, every sixth house is a grog-shop, or place where ardent spirit is sold. The avails of the licenses increase the revenue of the English government. Borabora, one of the Society Islands, is overwhelmed with intemperance as with a flood. Such thirst has been created by foreign liquors, that their bread-fruit, their staff of life, and other vegetables, are converted into the destructive poison. Their missionary has forsaken them, famine is destroying them, while they resort to intoxication for relief.—*Anecdotes of Alexander.*

DISCONTENT AND ILL-HUMOUR.—There is one state of mind which must be particularly noticed: it is that uneasy, discontented temper which causes men to vex and fret themselves at those petty occurrences which ought not to give the least annoyance. There are persons who seem to be always on the look-out for events that may afford them some excuse for expressions of anger and passion; who are unhappy when they have no opportunity of finding fault; and who, when there is nothing of the kind in their own affairs, pry into those of others, for the purpose of discovering incentives to their ill-humour. It is of no avail to tell such persons that they cannot, by thus brooding over their misfortunes, as they term whatever displeases them, remove or alleviate them: they desire to do neither the one nor the other. Their perverted minds feel a pleasure in giving utterance to the restless thoughts by which they are agitated. This state of continual exacerbation and irritation, is more fatal to longevity and happiness, than almost any other form of mental excitement; and it is one exceedingly common. Mr. Abernethy says, the state of men's minds is another grand cause of their complicated maladies. Many people fidget and discontent themselves about what cannot be helped: and as passions of all kinds—especially malignant passions—pressing upon the mind, disturb the cerebral action, they necessarily do themselves much harm.—*Curtis on Health.*

THE TIME SPENT IN MOST SCHOOLS IS FAR TOO LONG; and, taking into account the hours employed in preparing lessons after or before the attendance at school, but little time is left for any thing else but sleep. This should not be: much nervous influence is still needed to superintend and control the vital processes incessantly going on in the daily enlarging frame. Muscular exercise and fresh air are essential to the formation of pure blood; without which the development of the body cannot proceed for an hour. But at school, for the most part, the acquisition of tasks and lessons demands unceasing labour of the brain; and thus the nervous energy, instead of being equally distributed to every organ and tissue, is concentrated in the brain. The time that should be passed amid the fields in pleasant pastimes, or in the prosecution of botanical or geological researches, is spent in confined rooms, among books, which, by incessant perusal and repetition, fill the minds of their unhappy readers with disgust for literature of every kind, instead of being as they might and ought to be, their guides to intellectual and moral excellence. For the sake both of the body and the mind, this evil system should be changed for one more consonant with the laws of nature.—*Ibid.*

WHOREDOM AND WINE.—“Will you please, sir, preach from this text next time?” was lately a convict’s request. “What text?” “This here in Hosea, the 4th chapter and 11th verse, where it says, ‘Whoredom, and wine, and new wine, take away the heart.’” “Why do you wish to have that text preached from?” “Because, sir, they are what brought me here, and I guess most of the rest of us.” This man guessed right. Scarcely a man could be found in prison, who was not in the habit, when at liberty, of going to those who put the bottle to their neighbour’s mouth, or to those whose feet go down to death. Sometimes particular places may be pointed out, where, under the blighting influence referred to, criminals are multiplied as it were by wholesale. In a period of five years, about forty coloured persons have been sent to this prison, who have been convicted of crime in New-Haven. Nearly all these individuals have referred to their nocturnal visits to a den of infamy kept in that city, as being closely connected with the crime for which they were convicted. The following testimony from Dr. Lieber is in point:—“I have taken pains,” he says, “to ascertain the character of a number of convicts; and, as far as my experience has gone, it shows me that there is, almost without exception, some unprincipled or abandoned woman, who played a prominent part in the life of every convict; be it a worthless mother, who poisons by her corrupt example the souls of her children,—or a slothful, intemperate wife, who disgusts her husband with his home,—or a prostitute, whose wants must be satisfied by theft,—or a receiver of plunder,—or a spy of opportunities for robberies.”—*The twelfth annual report of the “Prison Discipline Society, for the state of Albany.”*

GLORIOUS NEWS.—We rejoice to say there are *one hundred and twenty-one towns* in the state of New-York, comprising some large villages, where no intoxicating liquors are licensed to be sold.—And of the fourteen counties of Mass. *sic* do not license the sale of intoxicating drinks. And this circle of purity, and temperance, and peace, is constantly enlarging.—*Albany Recorder.*

LIBERALITY.—Aristotle being reproved for bestowing charity on an unworthy object, answered, “I gave it to the man in misery, and not to his manners.”—Dr. Johnson acted in the same noble spirit, for having been a great friend to an author, whose character afterwards proved infamous, he observed in reply to one that expressed his wonder at his having been so long deceived: “They who look constantly upon the ground will see dirt, but I desire always to have higher objects.”

ENCOURAGING FREE PERSPIRATION.—What physicians call the perspirable matter, is that vapour which passes off from our bodies, from the lungs, and through the pores of the skin. The quantity of this is said to be five-eighths of what we eat. Confined air, when saturated with perspirable matter, will not receive more; and that matter must remain in our bodies, and occasion diseases: but it gives some previous notice of its being about to be hurtful, by producing certain uneasiness, slight indeed at first, such as with regard to the lungs, a trifling sensation, and to the pores of the skin a kind of restlessness which is difficult to describe, and few that feel it know the cause of it. But we may recollect, that sometimes, on waking in the night, we have, if warmly covered, found it difficult to get to sleep again. We turn often, without finding repose in any position. This fitfulness, to use a vulgar expression for want of a better, is occasioned wholly by an uneasiness in the skin, owing to the retention of the perspirable matter—the bed-clothes having received their quantity, and being saturated, refusing to take any more. To become sensible of this by an experiment, let a person keep his position in the bed, but throw off the bed-clothes, and suffer fresh air to approach the part uncovered of his body; he will then feel that part suddenly refreshed; for the air will immediately relieve the skin, by receiving, licking up, and carrying off, the load of perspirable matter that incommoded it. For every portion of cool air that approaches the warm skin, in receiving its part of that vapour, receives therewith degree of heat, that rarefies and renders it lighter, when it will be pushed away, with its burden, by cooler and therefore heavier fresh air; which, for a moment, supplies its place, and then, being likewise changed, and warmed, gives way to a succeeding quantity. This is the order of nature, to prevent animals being affected by their own perspiration.—*Franklin.*

THE KITTEN.—There is some amusement in watching the conduct of a young cat with a looking-glass. At first it paws at the image, but, not being able to touch it, it peeps slyly round the edge of the glass, as if to catch its companion on the other side. It returns disappointed; but, again observing the image, renews its attempt. It continues to do this for some time, and then it begins to extend its paws in a variety of directions, and to put its body in a number of attitudes, watching the corresponding motions of the image. In a little time, it sits motionless, still studying the image, and retires when it is wearied. After this it is fond of taking a peep into the glass, but it does not attempt, again, to catch the image, or to play with it.—*Brit. Cyclop.*

THE CANON AND VICAR.—A facetious canon of Windsor, taking his evening walk as usual in the town, met one of the vicars at the castle gate, returning home, somewhat elevated with generous port. “So,” says the canon, “from whence came you?” “I don’t know, Mr. Canon,” replies the vicar, “I have been spinning out this afternoon with a few friends.” “Ay, and now,” says the canon, “you are reeling it home.”

A NAME.—“There is a rich rector in Worcestershire,” said one of Colonel Landley’s guests, “whose name I cannot now recollect, but who has not preached for the last twelve months, as he every Sunday requests one of the neighbouring clergy to officiate for him.” “Oh,” replied the colonel, “though you cannot recollect his name, I can: it is England—*England expects every man to do his duty.*”

RATHER MORE PLAIN THAN POLITE.—Lady Jersey, being at a masquerade, stepped up to the Duchess of Gordon, with the usual, “Do you know me?” “Yes, ignorance and impudence are known everywhere,” was the reply.

LACONICS.—Remember and adore your Creator, and be grateful to him for all his favours.—Believe in the Saviour, trust in his promises, and endeavour to keep his commandments.—Never swear, nor use bad language, nor take the name of God in vain.—Avoid every thing that leads to drunkenness; it is the ruin of many families.—Be honest, open, and upright in all your dealings, and beware of getting into debt.—Feel for your distressed neighbours, and if you cannot relieve them yourselves, make their cases known to the benevolent.—If you have any leisure time, devote it to the acquirement of useful knowledge, to innocent recreation, and to doing good to others.—Be patient in adversity, and humble and charitable if God should increase your store.—Choose your cottage in a clean, open, airy situation, with as many conveniences, and at as low a rent as possible.—Keep your houses whitewashed, tidy, and in good order; your beds, your clothing, and yourselves, as clean as you can.—Pay attention to the timely repairing of your furniture, your domestic utensils, and especially your clothes.—Be anxious to support yourselves by your own industry, and never depend upon the parish, or upon others, for relief, except it be absolutely necessary.—Manage your affairs with economy, and pay attention to the price, weight, measure, and quality of every thing you buy.—Never let yourself to shopkeepers, coal-dealers, hawkers, or manufacturers, by getting the articles you want on credit.

MENTAL BEAUTY.

THE charms which blooming beauty shows
From faces heavenly fair,
We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare :
With semblance apt, for ah ! how soon,
How soon they all decay !
The lily droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.
But when bright virtue shines confess'd,
With sweet discretion join'd ;
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind ;
When charms like these, dear maid ! conspire
The person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.
Beyond the reach of time or fate
These graces shall endure ;
Still like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

FITZGERALD.

A PARAPHRASE
ON THE LATTER PART OF THE SIXTH CHAPTER OF
ST. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear,
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life !
Raptures deep felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he raised from earth the drooping heart.
Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears,
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe the shivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?
And the fair body its investing weed ?
Behold ! and look away your low despair,—
See the light tenants of the barren air ;
To them no stores nor granaries belong ;
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song :
Yet your kind Heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing, when Spring renewes the plain,
To him they cry in Winter's pinching reign ;
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain :
He hears the gay and the distressful call ;
And, with unsparing bounty, fills them all.
Observe the rising lily's snowy grace ;
Observe the various vegetable race ;
They neither toil nor spin ; but careless grow ;
Yet see how warm they blush, how bright they glow !
What regal vestments can with them compare,
What king so shining, or what queen so fair ?
If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds ;
If, o'er the fields, such lucid robes he spreads ;
Will he not care for you, ye faithless say ?
Is he unwise ? or are ye less than they ?

THOMSON.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

The fingers of morn drew gently aside
The star-spangled curtains of night,
And opened to man the glories divine
Of Nature's vast temple of light.
Then full in the view of mortals stood forth,
The graces, in splendours of heaven,
Who came sweetly telling the dwellers on earth,
This temple to them was now given.
The children of reason, charm'd by the view,
Made grateful and glad by the sound,
Received the bless'd boon, the Donor ador'd,
And here their true pleasure they found.
Now virtue the lips of charity press'd,
Humanity goodness embrac'd ;
With pain, and delight, and holiest love,
Each rational being was graced.
But now a fell spirit, rose in the scene ;
Entrancing the worshipping things,
The joy seemed to swell, the bliss overflow,
As thunders peal'd forth the mad songs.
But pleasures were pains, and gladness was gloom,
Enjoyment was ruin and woe,
This spirit of mirth, but proved that foul fiend,
Intemperance, man's deadliest foe.

H.

ELEGY TO PIETY.

HAIL, lovely power ! whose bosom heaves a sigh,
When fancy paints the scene of deep distress :
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid fate denies the power to bless.
Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flowery meads can with that sigh compare :
Not dewdrops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.
Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play ;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies ;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.
Come, lovely nymph ! and range the mead with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From secret snare the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand upraised to give the blow.
And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,
Let us, slow wandering where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.
Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care ;
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart :
Teach me in friendship's grief to bear a share,
And justly boast the generous feeling heart.
Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief ;
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,
To misery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age.
So, when the genial spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

ROSCOE.

TO MY AGED MOTHER.

AND canst thou mother ! for a moment, think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy drooping head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought !—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

H. K. WHITE.

PUBLIC WORSHIP ON THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

Lord of Sabbath ! Gracious Father !
We, on this Thy hallow'd day,
Haste within Thy House together,
Willing sacrifice to pay.
For Thy mercies never ending,
Chaunt we hymns of thankful praise,
And, the strain harmonious blending,
Sighs for sins repented raise.
'Tis Thy Sabbath !—let thy blessing
Guide our duties thro' the day,
And, our lips Thy throne addressing,
Teach our hearts, Oh Lord ! to pray.
Pour Thy Grace upon Thy servant,
Pastor of this little flock ;
May his teaching, pious, fervent,
Lead to Christ, the living Rock.
Give the flock, too, heavenly Father !
Of Thine all-abundant grace—
That we offer up together,
Prayer accepted, grateful praise.

Bury.

T. R. Y.

NOTICE.

This number completes part III, which, containing five numbers, with the cover, will be charged sixpence. Parts I and II, or any of the back numbers, may be had through the Agents.

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